

12



\$15

ADULT ENTERTAINMENT

"...Buster gagged
when he tried to
swallow it."

STARRING
BUSTER
AND
STEVE YORK

EXCERPTS FROM THE
CALIFORNIA CHOICE
MOTION PICTURE,
BIG SURPRISE



ALL COLOR





**STARRING STEVE YORK
AND BUSTER**

There was more than one surprise in store for Buster that day in Palm Springs when he volunteered to clean the pool at a friend's house. Buster had been in town for more than a week, visiting buddies, getting some sun, and just relaxing away from the rat race. He hadn't really given much thought to sex...until that afternoon.

It was a large place, and at first Buster thought he was alone. Cleaning the pool wasn't so much work as it was a good way to soak up the rays and think. He'd cleaned about half the pool before he realized he wasn't alone. It was then he spotted a guy dozing in a chaise lounge on the patio nearby. At first he was startled, but when he maneuvered himself around for a better look at the sleeping stud, Buster lost interest in working.

This was not just any stud getting a dose of Palm Springs sunshine. Buster recognized him as Steve York almost right away. And knowing what Steve York was known for, Buster's eyes shifted downward to the crotch automatically.

He wanted a look at the monster "12 incher" that Steve York was supposed to have and wanted more than just a look, too. He may not have given much thought to sex this week of swimming, sunning and partying, but right about now the old urge was returning real quick. Buster kept on cleaning the pool, but kept his eyes on Steve's crotch. He didn't know whether the dick was that big all the time or if the sun was having an effect on it. But he meant to find out.

Buster toyed with a couple ways to get Steve's attention, but he needn't have bothered. Suddenly Steve stirred and focused his eyes on the blond across the pool. If he was surprised he wasn't alone, it didn't show. He nodded and stretched and Buster, a little embarrassed caught staring, tried to get back to what he was there to do. But as he worked his way around the pool and closer to Steve, he sensed he was now the one being watched.



Steve was in the mood to fuck and he figured this hot blond hunk would do just fine. He may have been in town for rest and relaxation too, but he wasn't dead. And his dick was springing to life as he checked out Buster's smooth, tanned bod. He wondered if the asscheeks were as well-shaped as they looked in the trunks Buster was wearing.

By the time Buster got around to Steve's side of the pool, Steve was hard and flashing his calling card out one leg of his shorts. Buster couldn't help but notice and couldn't take his eyes off it. It truly was the "12 incher" he'd always heard about. And it was already leaking.

Steve made the first move. He got up out of the chaise lounge and walked over to Buster, that big dick sticking straight out of those shorts. He didn't say a thing. Neither did Buster. He just put down the pool broom and took Steve's tool in his hand. Steve said "Let's go inside. Hard telling who might show up around here." Buster nodded and the two of them went into a bedroom just off the pool area.

Once they were inside, they pulled off their trunks and both got their wish. Steve had the kind of cock Buster needed and Buster had the smooth tan-lined asscheeks Steve craved. This was going to be more than just a quickie.

Steve pulled the shades down and said "I hope you're not in any hurry 'cause I got plans for you." Buster grinned and said "Take all the time you want." Steve intended to.





“Take it easy, I don’t want to pop my nuts in your mouth.”

Steve wanted Buster’s ass bad, but he wanted the blond stud to get used to the size of his dick first. So he laid back on the bed and spread his legs. His foot-long dick stared at the ceiling and Buster went down on it. At first, Buster gagged when he tried to swallow it. His eyes had been bigger than his mouth. But he was bound and determined to have this dick, and that meant every inch of it. So Buster took his time getting used to its length and thickness. The more slippery it got and the more his eyes watered, the more Buster swallowed. Until he had Steve groaning and getting close. “Take it easy, I don’t want to pop my nuts in your mouth.” Buster knew what that meant, and the thought of that ass-stretcher inside him made him as scared as it did excited. He’d been fucked, sure, but not by anything as big as this, and Buster was a little worried.

Steve sensed Buster’s sudden nervousness, and knew that waiting might only make Buster chicken out. He decided to go after it. “Don’t worry,” he told Buster, “I’ll go easy.” But Buster wasn’t convinced. “Look, I promise. If it hurts too much, I’ll stop.” Like hell he would, but that line always worked.









What Steve didn't realize was that Buster was as determined to take this famous monster dick as much as Steve was determined to take that blond ass. Knowing that it was easiest for him on his knees, Buster got on all fours on the bed and Steve positioned himself behind those up-in-the-air cheeks. "You got a helluva pretty ass," Steve said, "a real pretty ass." There was only one thing Buster wanted more than poppers about now, and that was grease. But they hadn't either, and Steve didn't care. He knew that once he got in, Buster wouldn't ever want him out. He was a cocksure fucker, and his dick played right along.





"... Buster was as determined to take this famous monster dick as much as Steve was determined to take that blond ass."





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"Steve wanted Buster's ass bad, but he wanted the blond stud to get used to the size of his dick first."





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Buster reached back and slapped handful after handful of spit on his buttohole until his mouth was dry. He was nervous as hell. Steve spit on his dick and poked it up against the moist, hot opening.

At first touch of the giant cockhead against his hole, Buster flinched, but Steve held onto Buster's hips and pulled him back onto his dick. "Just relax, babe, you're gonna love this dick inside you." Buster wasn't so sure about that, but he was determined to try. So he told himself "relax" and the cockhead began to inch its way inside. Buster thought he was being ripped wide open, but Steve took his time and slowly Buster got used to the feeling as the monster dick pushed its way further inside.

"I want you to sit on it," Steve said, and pulled slowly out of Buster's gripping hole. Steve knew that in this position, Buster could work at his own speed. Give a bottom a chance to be on top, and it never backfires. Steve was a crafty fucker, too.

"That's it... yeah... this dick loves your butt." Steve was right. His dick was indeed loving Buster's tight asshole, and he was careful not to ruin it by ramming his way all the way in. He was going to let those blond buns sink down around his shaft at their own speed. And sure enough. Slowly, inch by inch, Buster impaled himself on the dick of countless wet dreams. It felt like he was sitting on a bedpost, but it felt awfully good. Buster reached back and felt the thick shaft buried deep up inside him. He could hardly wrap his hand around the base of it. There was still a good three inches to go, but Steve knew he'd eventually work it in too.

So Steve lay back on the bed and Buster got over him and lowered his ass down over the still rockhard dick. Buster wanted it now more than ever, and before long, he'd impaled himself on nearly all 12 inches. Steve just lay there looking up at the handsome blond stud working his butt up and down on that dick of death. When Buster began to sweat and moan, Steve decided it was time to get back on top. He carefully maneuvered Buster over on his back without ever taking his cock out, and now he had Buster exactly where he wanted him. It was time for some serious fucking!



With Buster helpless beneath him and his ass ready for the taking, Steve got the blond's legs over his shoulders and took charge. He began to pull his dick out nearly all the way and then slowly plunge it back in until all 12 inches were buried and the balls were slapping at Buster's backdoor. When Buster got used to the deep thrusts, Steve accelerated his movements and finally was able to fuck at his own speed without any resistance whatsoever.









Now Buster began to work his own dick and in time Steve's dick hit his prostate, he'd moan like hell. Steve figured he'd primed this gusher and it was time for a payload. He supported himself on all fours and really gave it to those baby-smooth ass-cheeks. Now he started groaning and told Buster, "I want you to see it!" He suddenly pulled out and shot clear up Buster's stomach and chest and into his face.





More than once. As Steve milked it, Buster brought up his own load, his cum falling atop Steve's. His whole body shook and trembled.

When it was all over, they lay in each other's arms and both of them thought the same thing. This was one of those times when kissing wasn't needed. They were too busy having sex.





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NOT FOR SALE TO MINORS

ALL MODELS 18 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER